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VOLUME I.---NUMBER 2.

future events. Many of these miracles were wrought before numerous multitudes of both believers and unbelievers, and upon persons not connected with our church. And again, the numerous miracles wrought through the instrumentality of thousands of the officers and members of this church, are additional evidences that the man who was instrumental in founding the church must have been agent of God. The thousands of sick that have been miraculously healed in all parts of the world where this gospel is preached, give forth a strong and almost irresistible testimony that Mr. Smith's authority is "from heaven," although the great majority of mankind consider miracles to be an *infallible* evidence in favor of the divine authority of the one who performs them, yet we do most distinctly dissent from this idea. If miracles be admitted as an *infallible* evidence, then all that have ever wrought miracles must have been sent of God. The magicians of Egypt wrought some splendid miracles before that nation; they created serpents and frogs, and turned rivers of water into blood. If miraculous evidence is *infallible*, the Egyptians were under to receive the contradictory messages both Moses and the magicians as of divine authority. According to this idea, the which Endor must have established her divination beyond all controversy by calling forth a dead man from the grave in the presence of Saul, king of Israel. A certain wicked power, described by John (Rev. xiii. chap.) was to do "great wonders" and "miracles," and cause "fire to come down from heaven on the earth in the sight of men." If miracles are infallible evidences, surely we should reject the divine authority of his beast. Again, (in Rev. xvi. chap.) John "saw three unclean spirits like frogs," which he expressly says, "are the spirits or evils working miracles, which go forth to the kings of the earth, and of the whole world to gather them to the battle of the great day of God Almighty." The learned divines and clergy of the nineteenth century boldly declare that "miracles are an *infallible* evidence of the divine mission of the one who performs them." If so, who can blame the "kings of the earth," and these learned divines, and all their followers for embracing the message of these divinely inspired devils? For according to their argument, they could in no wise reject them, for they prove their mission by evidences which they say are infallible. We shall expect in a few years, to see an innumerable host of sectarian ministers as well as kings, taking up their line of march for the great valley of "Armageddon," near Jerusalem, and thus prove by their works that they do really believe in the infallibility of miraculous evidence. Devils can work miracles as well as God, and as they have already persuaded the religious world that miracles are infallible evidences of divine authority, they will have much difficulty among the followers of modern christianity in establishing the purity of their mission. But the "Latter-day Saints" do not believe in the infallibility of miraculous evidence. We believe that miraculous gifts are absolutely necessary in the church of Christ, without which it cannot exist on the earth. Miracles, when taken in connexion with a pure, holy, and perfect doctrine, reasonable and scriptural, is a very strong collateral evidence in favor of that doctrine, and of the divine authority of those who preach it. But abstract miracles, unconnected with other evidences, instead of being infallible proofs are no proofs at all: they are as likely to be false as true. Baptism "for the remission of sins" is essential in the church of Christ, and when taken in connexion with all other points of doctrine embraced in the gospel is a presumption of evidence for the divine authority of the person who preaches it. But baptism "for the remission of sins," unconnected with other parts of the doctrine of Christ, would be evidence either for or against the divine authority of any man. The many thousands of miracles wrought in this church, being connected as they are, with an infallible doctrine, and with a vast number of other proofs, have carried an almost irresistible conviction to the minds of vast multitudes, to have, in consequence, richly responded to the message, and become in their turn the happy recipients of the same power of God, by which they themselves can alleviate the sick and work by faith in the name of the Lord; thus demonstrating to themselves the truth of the Savior's promise, viz: "that certain miraculous signs should follow them that believe." (See Mark, chap. xvi.) There is one thing connected with Joseph Smith's message which will at once prove to be an impostor or else a true prophet. It is a certain promise contained in revelation which was given through him to apostles of this church in the year 1832, reads as follows: "Go ye into all the world, and whatsoever place ye cannot go, ye shall send, that the testimony may come unto you into all the world unto every creature." And as I said unto mine apostles, so I say unto you, for ye are mine apostles, even God's high priests; ye are whom my father hath given unto me, and my friends therefore, as I said unto you, I say unto you, that, with every man's belief, or your own, shall be baptized by water for the remission of sins, and receive the Holy Ghost, and then ye shall follow that which he shall say, and ye shall do it, and ye shall be saved. (See D. & C. 18: 29.)

A. W. Babbitt's Letter.

The following letter from A. W. Babbitt Esq., we publish; not that we wish or intend to foment strife, but that the saints at large may have it as one reason, among others, why he was disfellowshipped from our church.

This letter was read to a large meeting or Conference of the Seventies, held at the Tabernacle, on the 19th of November last. Most of the authorities of the whole church, in this country, were present.

Elder G. A. Smith spoke on the case: He wished to be pardoned for any expressions that he might make if they were not quite so polite and mild as they might be. He looked upon the letter as a direct insult upon the people. If he had drawn the dagger at him personally, he would have considered him [Babbitt] less guilty: But to aim at the whole people was an outrage upon their feelings that they ought not to endure. We have not "prostituted" our most sacred rights at the shrine of religious despotism. Mr. Babbitt ought to have learned this before now from the fact that his private letters, sent up here, assuring us that Mr. Cass must and would be elected, met with no favorable reception. We were compelled to believe that Mr. Babbitt was a very ignorant man or a very corrupt man. He was corrupt if he had any just notions with regard to the election, for he assured us to the reverse of what his real sentiments must have been. If the altar of his heart had been sacred enough to prevent strange fire from smoking there; if he had not laid aside the SACERDOTAL TUNIC and put on in the stead thereof, the smutty garments of political party, and suffered his mind to be blinded by the "god of this world," he must have seen that Gen. Taylor was the man. But he concluded by saying that Mr. Babbitt was a wise man, even so wise that he could not disfellowship him.

Mr. Hyde then spoke and said: Mr. Babbitt has asked me a number of very pointed questions, and if it were to save my life, I could not answer them all. But if I had been playing the part of a snake in the grass, or digging a pit for my neighbor, I might perhaps have been particular enough to mark days and even hours. If Mr. Babbitt has any letters from me, written from Washington, that he thinks would convict me of a crime worthy of Purgatorial punishment, let him make them public, and not trying to make something out of nothing. I have repeatedly told you and the world at large what I went to Washington for; but it seems that Mr. Babbitt has not yet learned my errand there—and therefore asks. I would refer him to my letters in the Republican for his answer. I never told him that I had a draft on the Whig committee at Washington, or any other committee for a dime.

Many remarks were made by different persons, and it was finally concluded, that Mr. Babbitt's conduct towards Mr. Hyde was dishonorable, uncalled for, and unchristianlike; and that Mr. Babbitt be furnished by this Conference, one evidence that he was not "ceased to think and act for ourselves," by withdrawing our fellowship from him. By the will of this people, he has held a high and responsible priesthood and station in the church, but with our consent, he can no longer be sustained therein while he calls our best friends,—men whom we know and whose worth we can appreciate, "Religious despots."

The vote to disfellowship Mr. Babbitt was unanimous; not one hand raised to sustain him. Several staunch Democrats who voted for Mr. Cass, voted against Mr. Babbitt.

Mr. Babbitt thought that few of our Mormon friends believed our Whig apologies. We cannot help it any more than he can help seeing how many of his Mormon friends voted him out of the church for his productions against them.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE IOWA STATESMAN:
Dear Sirs: I perceive from the last number of the Hawk-Eye that the *Deacon* is in direct communication with Orson Hyde; and, if Mr. Hyde is to be received as an uninterested witness, we must force the belief that the Whigs of Iowa are like *Cass's wife*, not only unsuspected but beyond suspicion; or to use Mr. Hyde's language, their intercourse has been unspotted and clear like the *mirror itself*. Now, I would like to ask Mr. Hyde a few questions which he may answer in his next epistle to the *Deacon*:

1st. Where was you at 11 o'clock on the night of the 8th of July?

2d. Where was you the next morning at 10 o'clock?

3d. Who was with you and what was the subject matter under consideration?

4th. How much did you tell me, on your return down the river, the draft on the whig committee at Washington city was for?

5th. What did you go to Washington city for?

6th. Of whom in the city of Cincinnati did you get the printing press and materials?

7th. Where did you get the money to pay for the press?

8th. What did you say to me on the subject in a letter dated at Washington, Sept. 15th, 1848?

The answers to the above questions without equivocation or anecdote may shed some light. I am aware that Mr. Hyde, in one of his letters to the Missouri Republican, undertook to give some items on this subject; and if he intended to be understood as giving the whole truth, he must have left a heavy load upon his conscience, however unsuspected he may represent those who have operated with him in relation to the Mormon vote; and I can assure Mr. Hyde that few of his Mormon friends believe his whig apologies. Mr. Hyde has a style peculiar to himself in writing upon these subjects and turns many nice points with some anecdote in order to divert the mind from the point, which forcibly reminds me of the *fat of Whitefish*, who, when closely pursued, throws out of his mouth so much fat and offensive matter that he evades pursuit, and in this way makes his escape. Does not Mr. Hyde know the fact that an order was drawn on Chambers & Knapp, by Warren, and that the same was paid, and the avails sent to the Bluffs? Does he not know that Warren has acknowledged the payment of some two hundred and forty dollars to one of his coadjutors in this matter, (Mr. Pickett), and does he not know that it is morally impossible for me to believe the statements that he has made because knowledge supercedes faith?

But, Mr. Hyde announces himself a Whig, (but not an ultra one), has no set notions, has not voted but once in his life, knows like or nothing about Federal and State policy,

yet he assumes the responsibility of influencing a whole community; and lest he should betray ignorance, as their guide, he directs them to a political knave to counsel them "WHEN AND WHERE TO ACT." Such men we might reasonably suppose would support Gen. Taylor, for their principles are in perfect keeping, and Mr. Hyde is about as capable of counselling the Mormons how to vote as Gen. Taylor is of presiding over the people of the United States. He, like Mr. Hyde, is no politician, has not studied the science of civil government, has never voted in his life, but if elected can get Mr. Warren, or some of the same stamp, to advise him when, how and where to act.

Is it not astonishing to see the desperation of the Whig disciples in their struggle for political power; no stone is left untuned, no means too holy to be used, no altar too sacred to burn their political fire, the sacerdotal tunic must be laid aside, the smutty garments of party must clothe the minister of the altar, his influence cannot be dispensed with, heaven and earth must unite their influence or their party fails.

Are not the most cherished institutions of our country endangered by the use of such unhalloved means, when the most sacred of all human rights are prostituted at the shrine of religious despots, and men cease to think and act for themselves. It was the language of Chief Justice Story, while treating upon the constitution of our country, that it was the work of wise master builders, the work of immortality, if human institutions might aspire to such a name; yet, it might perish in an hour by the negligence of its keepers, the people. When the people no longer act upon the results of their own judgment and convictions, but tamely submit to religious and political dictators, then we may look for the elevation to office of bold and avaricious men who will feed well their operators; and thus the glory of our free institutions will depart, and despotism with all its horrors will enslave our children.

I have the honor to be,
Respectfully, Yours, &c.

A. W. BABBITT.

October 23, 1848.

Yesterday and to-day are the first two really pleasant days that we have had since the beginning of November. It is now warm, and the snow begins to disappear a little, after three months of most excellent sleighing.

For the Frontier Guardian.

KANEVILLE, Feb. 17th, 1849.
DEAR SIR: I herewith send you a correct daily list of the Thermometer reckoning since the 1st of last November; and likewise the time and depth of every snow. The observations were taken at sunrise, midday and sun set. The thermometer hangs in the shade. The figures with cyphers placed before them denote the number of degrees below zero, and those without, the number of degrees above.

Yours, &c. Z. H. BAXTER.
Thermometrical Table.

Date	Morning	Noon	Evening	Date	Morning	Noon	Evening
Nov. 1	38	45	33	Dec. 1	19	35	33
" 2	30	46	36	" 2	24	35	33
" 3	36	44	34	" 3	23	26	24
" 4	18	32	25	" 4	10	12	11
" 5	36	40	34	" 5	13	17	14
" 6	29	34	32	" 6	14	16	12
" 7	26	37	28	" 7	18	11	9
" 8	14	18	13	" 8	01	17	13
" 9	8	27	19	" 9	2	15	14
" 10	19	37	31	" 10	6	10	5
" 11	18	30	30	" 11	02	12	6
" 12	34	49	34	" 12	17	32	24
" 13	33	35	30	" 13	11	13	10
" 14	33	38	33	" 14	1	14	15
" 15	32	45	38	" 15	14	28	20
" 16	28	33	29	" 16	13	34	20
" 17	38	33	19	" 17	25	40	25
" 18	13	35	29	" 18	22	31	28
" 19	27	47	37	" 19	02	8	6
" 20	33	48	38	" 20	2	2	02
" 21	32	45	35	" 21	08	04	06
" 22	35	53	43	" 22	01	6	08
" 23	36	55	43	" 23	06	10	8
" 24	14	18	13	" 24	19	32	19
" 25	17	29	28	" 25	04	6	04
" 26	28	55	33	" 26	01	15	8
" 27	22	50	42	" 27	14	18	6
" 28	35	50	40	" 28	21	36	20
" 29	30	43	37	" 29	34	30	16
" 30	19	33	27	" 30	3	6	30
" 31	6	40	30	" 31	6	40	30

Date	Morning	Noon	Evening	Date	Morning	Noon	Evening
Jan. 1	16	21	17	Feb. 1	07	32	18
" 2	19	18	14	" 2	2	4	7
" 3	12	22	19	" 3	05	24	17
" 4	010	19	015	" 4	0	34	19
" 5	018	14	4	" 5	2	28	27
" 6	02	13	02	" 6	24	32	28
" 7	14	18	13	" 7	16	31	28
" 8	9	22	17	" 8	18	30	12
" 9	06	6	017	" 9	12	32	16
" 10	08	10	6	" 10	10	46	10
" 11	14	30	34	" 11	10	34	16
" 12	35	18	10	" 12	7	35	21
" 13	05	0	06	" 13	13	8	0
" 14	010	5	3	" 14	014	9	0
" 15	010	6	06	" 15	011	10	0
" 16	06	17	010	" 16	0	33	23
" 17	016	4	04	" 17	01	01	010
" 18	012	4	05	" 18			
" 19	4	26	20				
" 20	11	7	0				
" 21	014	6	0				
" 22	8	19	8				
" 23	8	19	11				
" 24	29	18	22				
" 25	0	36	15				
" 26	04	29	23				
" 27	16	24	21				
" 28	15	16	13				
" 29	13	15	13				
" 30	7	12	8				
" 31	13	21	18				

DEPTH OF SNOW.

Date	Depth
November 8th and 9th	4 inches.
December 4th, 5th and 6th	7 "
" 9th	3 "
" 21st	3 "
" 24th	3 "
January 1st and 2nd	6 "
" 7th	6 "
" 13th and 14th	5 "
" 24th	3 "
" 30th	5 "

Total depth of snow, from Nov. 8th to Jan. 30th, 44 inches.

FOREIGN SEIZURE OF CALIFORNIA GOLD.

The New York Sun, noticing the statement just brought from the Pacific, of some \$400,000 in California gold, dust having already arrived at Valparaiso and Panama, in British Government steamers, in the absence of proper naval force, and restrictions on our part, says: "That some extraordinary news has been received from the War Department, ordering a large number of parole officers in the eastern States and through New York to rendezvous at once in this city, for the purpose of proceeding to California. A party of seven, arrived night before last from one of the forts on Long Island."

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The South vs. the North.

We copy the following from the Washington Union, to show the feeling that is being rapidly engendered between the North and the South respecting the extension of Slavery into our newly acquired territories. The feeling is certainly not of the most happy kind. The prospects are becoming more favorable daily for a dissolution of the Union. If the North and the South divide,—division will not stop here. California, Oregon and New Mexico will begin to feel consequential. When once a blow is struck to divide the country, it can be repeated with far less restraint. Ye wise men of State, look and consider before consideration is drowned or stifled by the storm and confusion of anarchy,—by the gloom and horrors of bloody war! It would be hard for a foreign power to conquer America; but she can conquer, waste, and destroy herself with great ease.

"The New York Evening Post contains a harsh and insulting editorial against the South. It professes to be a criticism upon the course of the legislature of South Carolina, and the editorial articles of the Charleston Mercury. It belongs especially to that paper to reply to these coarse and ungenerous remarks. But upon one point we think it due to other States than South Carolina, to take some notice. We pass over the libelous and insulting tone of the whole article. It scarcely becomes the citizen of a great confederacy of sovereign States, to use such language towards any one State, much less upon half the States of the confederacy. What is thrown out against South Carolina, is almost equally applicable to the other slaveholding States, and the peculiar institution of the southern States. It is not thus that any liberal American citizen would speak of a large portion of the Union, nor is it thus that he would hold up the character of her institutions to the nations of the eastern world. Still less would he descend to the practice of the "Emancipator," and of the worst class of the English tourists, by republishing from a Charleston paper the advertisements of slaves for sale. It is a species of vituperation, intended to be as insulting to the South, as it is really disgraceful to the liberal author. To show still further the ungracious and malignant style of an American journal with some pretensions to refinement, decency, and public spirit, we give the following extracts from the article, being a fit conclusion of so dignified a tirade upon the South:

"It was fit that these advertisements should appear in the same paper with the patriotic resolution upon which they are so valuable a commentary. Let any candid person read them carefully through, and then we ask him to say if he thinks the institution of slavery is a safe or proper subject for public discussion in a slaveholding community? Would it be prudent to permit, in an assembly of mechanics, for example, a discussion of the merits of an institution which permitted the sale of human beings in herds, like dumb driven cattle, among whom were carpenters, wheelwrights, blacksmiths, engineers, farmers, cooks, seamstresses, tanners, shoemakers, &c.? Would not such debates tend to impair that respect for the law which is the law's most important sanction, to render the tenure of property in human flesh insecure, and to imperil not only the fortunes but the lives of those who trafficked in it? No person, who can appreciate the just and exalting pride of an American mechanic, would doubt that this would be so. It is this everlasting curse which providentially follows slavery as well as every other species of crime, that it can never be comprehended without being condemned. Where slavery exists, freedom of speech must perish.

"We feel that we have now done our duty and our whole duty as public alarmists; and if Congress, not heeding what we say, and in the face and eyes of this resolution, proceed to exclude slavery from California and Oregon, why, they must expect early notice from South Carolina, by legislative resolutions and senatorial protests, that if any attempt to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia should be successful, they will do things so unpleasantly dreadful that our type would not probably be still long enough to be pressed into the expression of them, and which, if we knew, we would not dare to utter in a whisper, unless, like the barber of Midas, we buried our terrible secret in the earth, and left the world to get knowledge of it, if it learned that Midas was a jackass, from the weeds which should grow over the grave where the whisper was interred."

Who principally imported the original slaves from Africa, contrary to the solemn remonstrances of the South—what are the serious difficulties which stand in the way of immediate emancipation—and how far the fanaticism of the abolitionists contributes to these difficulties—and how much more readily the object would be effected, if the South were left to herself, we will not stop to inquire. But upon one point we beg leave to set the New York Evening Post right. It levels its fiery indignation against South Carolina alone, and ridicules her empty and unsupported menaces. But does not the Evening Post see the danger of involving the other southern States in a similar movement? Does he not see the sympathy of interest which binds them all together? When thus taunted, thus insulted, by ribald reproach, and thus assailed by a fanatical course of measures, a common cause may unite the whole South together. The best way to avoid any such catastrophe is to avoid all such contumacious reproaches—to conciliate, and not to ridicule—to soothe, not to defy—to discountenance all measures which operate unequally, and to treat all the partners of a great confederacy with some show of equality, some appearance of respect, some sentiments of kindness.

THE POPE IN AMERICA.—The New York Sun of Wednesday, says: "It is said that a large number of our most influential Roman Catholic citizens intend calling a public meeting at an early day for the purpose of inviting his holiness, Pope Pius IX, to take up his permanent residence in this country. Should the temporal power of the Pope be wrested from him, it is not unlikely that he may find a home in our happy republic."

A New York letter says: "Bishop Hughes, of this (Roman Catholic) diocese, suggests that a contribution be made up in this country to aid the Pope, if he be released a resident in Rome; in procuring some temporary place of independent residence."

Our St. Louis Mail, Quincy Mail, Monroe and Nauvoo Mail, and Burlington Mail, were sent by Wm. O. Clark, who resides near Monroe. He was here on business. The first number of the Guardian was sent by him to the above places. But in consequence of the snow leaving him at St. Joseph, he left there the St. Louis Mail, containing one hundred and seventy four copies of the first number of the Guardian. We trust that it will have been forwarded ere this.

The latest telegraphic news from Washington, represents the Southern Delegation, in Congress, rather more mild and conciliatory.

If men will go to California to dig gold, they had better take plenty of eatables rather than dry goods. Don't think that it will be too expensive to transport them. You will not think so when you get there. Do not think of recruiting your stock of provisions at the Salt Lake; for if the winter has been comparatively severe there, they will have none to spare to you.

The Presidential Election.

The following is ascertained to be the Electoral vote given at the late election for President and Vice President of the United States.

STATE. TAYLOR. STATES. CASS.

Massachusetts, 12 Maine, 9

Rhode Island, 4 New Hampshire, 6

Connecticut, 6 Virginia, 17

Vermont, 6 South Carolina, 9

Maryland, 8 Ohio, 23

New York, 36 Mississippi, 12

New Jersey, 7 Indiana, 12

Pennsylvania, 26 Illinois, 9

Delaware, 3 Missouri, 9

North Carolina, 11 Alabama, 7

Georgia, 10 Arkansas, 3

Kentucky, 12 Michigan, 5

Tennessee, 13 Texas, 4

Louisiana, 6 Iowa, 4

Florida, 3 Wisconsin, 4

163 127

Taylor's maj. 36

Martin Van Buren, none.

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POETRY.

From the Modern American Courier.
Lines Written on the Death of a Young Lady.

And art thou gone, who shone so bright,
And blest us with thy presence here?
Forever gone to realms of light,
Let friendship drop the burning tear.

All flesh is grass, the preacher saith:
Alas! his mournful words are true,
For we behold thee in thy bloom,
And flush of youth, brief months ago.

Th' elastic step, the stately form,
The sparkling eye, and radiant brow,
Protrude before the casket worn
Of fell disease, are dust e'en now!

But thy dead spirit lies not there—
To realms above on soaring wing,
It mounted, borne by seraphs fair,
To courts where angel voices ring.

What tho' the heaving voice did shake
Thy breathing form, and urge decay,
And the flushed fever tinge thy cheek,
And search thy fading life away.

Death, of his gloomy terrors shorn,
To thee was welcome messenger;
Thy spirit saw the radiant morn
Of light and love that welcomed her.

As the bright sun at coming even,
Whose daily journey being o'er,
Sinks calmly through the depths of heaven,
And rolls beneath our western spheres—

But, when the hours of night be past,
In gorgeous beauty next appears,
Faithful and glowing to the last,
In the bright east to glad our eyes—

So thou didst sink beneath the shore
Of boundless time's uncertain sky,
But, filled with hope, life's journey o'er,
Rose into bright eternity.

methinks upon thine head we see
The shining crown of gems and gold,
Promised to those who faithful be,
Of which thy suffering Savior told.

Disease shall no more try thy flesh,
Grief's wealms the heart, tears dim the eye,
For thy freed spirit soars aloft,
And dwells in immortality.

Soars through the boundless fields of bliss,
And bathes in seas of love divine,
Where faith, and hope, and joy, and peace
Forever live, forever shine!

MISCELLANY.

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

BY "JOHN SMITH."

Time itself is a great revolutionist, and sometimes a reformer. Its continual dropping wears away rocks of flint and undermines thrones. Time perseveres in its work of dissolution and reorganization, when other powers grow weary with hopeless effort. Time has been the witness to scenes of anguish, when goodness and genius have been immolated on the altar of passion. Time also has witnessed moral reorganizations, when goodness and genius have risen from the tomb in which they seemed buried forever. Time brings us hope now, when we contrast it with time that was. Let us see.

"Come, mother, do give me the sugar in the bottom of that glass; it is so good," said a bright-looking boy as he looked wistfully up in her face, while with one hand he clung to her gown.

"Why, Charles," said his mother, "you will become a real toddy-drinker if you keep on at this rate. Your mouth waters now like an old rummy's! Here I will give you a lump from the bowl, and throw this stuff away."

She was about to suit the action to the word, when the little fellow cried out impatiently—

"I don't want a lump from the bowl, because it does not taste good like that in the glass!"

A shade of anguish flitted across the mother's countenance, as she saw such precocity in a habit she knew to be ruinous, and over which already she had wept many tears. As she contrasted the man of her heart's choice, marked with the distinct tracery of vicious indulgence, with the noble and beautiful man he once was, she could truly have said,

"The thine o' by-gone years,
Still fling their shadows over my path,
And blind my eye with tears;
They blind my eye with tears,
And make me sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' long since."

And yet because her child cried, and every-body did as she was doing, because it was fashionable, she allowed him to drain the sugar saturated with brandy. And as he did, it he smacked his lips with the keen relish of a toper.

The apathy, which then held all minds on the evil of intemperance was truly astonishing. A mother's sensitive heart would sometimes penetrate the delusions of fashion and custom, and see "hungry ruin" in prospect for her son. Sometimes she would articulate her fears lest Charles would become too fond of strong drink, but the husband hushed her by saying, "Fudge wife, don't be alarmed, for this is nothing strange or unprecedented! In fact I believe I had as great a relish for such things at his age as Charles has now, and you see I have done well enough!"

The wife would have spoken had she dared, as she looked into the face of her husband, bloated and blossomed as it was. She would have used to the father his own prospective ruin as an argument why his son should avoid the same path of death. But such intimations only roused his anger, that she should hint that he was a drunkard, although not unfrequently he had, at some great dinner, been "kicked under the table."

The wife suppressed her thoughts, and time untwined the web of destiny. In three years that husband died—avoiding fashionable dissipation—a drunkard.

Such a catastrophe caused the mother to grow sterner, and with what success we need not say.

It was a cold blustering day, just as Charles was starting for school, that he came home late, and with a very bad cold.

"An an ill, I shall not die," he said, as he lay in bed, "but I shall not be able to go to school today."

The mother, who was sitting by his bedside, looked at him with a sad expression, and said, "You are a very good boy, Charles, but you must not be so careless of your health."

demon must now be exorcised or keep possession forever, as she replied:

"No Charles, you must not have any more such drink. You must never touch it again or you will become such a drunkard as the poor man who died over the way. Do you remember how he shrieked and howled while dying of delirium tremens?"

She would have said "your father," but of his ruin thoughts trooped up frightfully, and her tongue refused to pronounce the harsh comparison. She burst into a flood of tears. The boy seemed intuitively to catch what was passing in her mind, and instantly sprung to her arms, affectionately kissing her cheek, as he said, "I won't drink any more, mother." She pressed him to her heart, and prayed silently.

From that day he seemed to be a different child. No inducement could make him taste a drop of any intoxicating liquor, and with untiring diligence he pursued his studies. His mind, rarely developed, comprehended and practiced the idea that he must be the architect of his own fortune. His brilliant talents, the more shining in one so young, made him a companion whose society was courted by all. Nature had fitted him to be the admired centre of every circle in which he might move.

At the age of fourteen, Charles was entered a member of college. Common consent soon assigned him the first place in the class, and his brilliant qualities as a companion rendered him a universal favorite. Would I had almost said, nature had moulded him into a rugged shape, with mental, moral, and physical ugliness to repel vicious associates, instead of attracting them to himself by so many admirable and fascinating qualities. Intemperance is a social vice, and not a few of its most regretted victims are those whose companionable ways give zest to vice, and pave the highway to ruin. How many victims has intemperance made, through the social principle, in some circumstance pervading into the most dangerous lure that ever caught the unwary.

And what a meaning these words have when applied to youth in college. The choicest minds there are congregated. Life is still young, and sociality there sparkles like ruddy wine. Who has not an exhilarating recollection of the hearty laugh, and the brilliant rejoinder of the college circle, when "Greek has met Greek," in the witty warfare? It is the very heyday of glee, and even frosty age is melted as it recurs to those scenes when it was young. And yet that very period is the Scylla and Charybdis of an educated man's life. Thirty years ago the dangers of that period were extreme. Home has just been left behind; and now, for the first time, the youth becomes in a measure his own master. He is a social being, and in circumstances calculated to elicit all his sociality. Hence the hours of mirth and conviviality, in which at length are found not merely the blandishments of an hour, but the beginnings of inveterate habit, the cause of future tears, and, in too many cases, of premature death. The history of American colleges amply proves the assertion.

For two years Charles had avoided danger, and by diligence had secured the approbation of his fellows and instructors. The fall vacation had passed, and he was now a junior, when he met a college mate whose social disposition and fine talents he had learned to admire.

"How are you, Charles?"

"How are you, William?" were the mutual greetings with which they met, and then they recounted the pleasures they had enjoyed at home.

"Charles, come to my room this evening after nine o'clock. The tutor will be snoozing by that time, and we shall have a nice time talking over vacation, and what we have seen. Come over, won't you?"

Thus pressed, the unsuspecting Charles consented, and was there at the appointed hour. He was surprised to find quite a company of mates, and those of a class whose company hitherto he had avoided. He felt uneasy, and wished himself away, but had not courage enough to gratify his wishes. They soon surrounded him, and their flattering attentions, and the uproar of laughter excited by some of his sayings, soon reconciled him to his situation. Anecdote, that wine of sociality, freely circulated, and in this, none could equal the widow's son. From his tenacious memory he feasted his auditors with some choice stories, which produced great merriment.

It was not long before William introduced the champagne. Charles started and thought of his mother. He would have left, but the fear of ridicule was too strong for him. He feared a laugh more than a bad action, and proved, in his own experience, a drunkard's great merit.

"— laugh a port exchange,
For Delity offended.

"Come, fellows, fill up your glasses with a little of the 'O be joyful' before we part, what's the use of drowning away life, like good old Auntie, afraid of stepping quick for fear they will put a wrinkle in their smooth aprons! Hurrah for a little good cheer! The tutor is in bed, and here's health to his long nap to-morrow morning. What's the matter, Charles? Take a little; it's nothing but wine."

The tempted youth dared not refuse, and in a few minutes "nothing but wine" had banished mother, duty, danger and ruin, and with the ardor of his nature, he plunged headlong into the dissipation of the evening.

"Fill again, my merry boys," said the host. "Hurrah for a song! Jack, let us have one of your best!"

"Hurrah for a song," responded the whole company in concert. "Give us a good one, Jack."

The young man thus called on, had a fine voice, and being a great wag, could sing drinking songs with great zest. Taking the wine "giving his color in the cup," in his hand, and clearing his throat, he gave them a song from memory.

"I will drink my portion,
I'll drink my portion,
I'll drink my portion,
I'll drink my portion."

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round. And thus with wine and song, the hours flew away, until several became first witty, then silly, and then drunk, and among them, Charles.

The morning came, and with it the blood-shot eye and aching head to witness against the last night's carouse, and with all, that insupportable sense of degradation and loss of self-respect. What a feeling of agony was that which racked the heart of this widow's son, as the past rushed across his vision, and the future like a horrid spectre loomed up in the distance. But he was in toils, and his social qualities were the cord by which his wicked companions led him on to repeat that same disgraceful scene.

And yet by dint of talent, he secured the honors of his class, in spite of his relaxed exertions. He had seen his mother but once since that change, and her pale countenance recalled him for a time to himself. She did not know of the change, but looked with a mother's pride and hope on her son. On the altar of home, he made his vows of reform. Again among his companions, those vows melted away like snow-flakes in a river. If any man in the world can say truthfully, "the evil which I would not that do I," it is the man beginning to slide down the steep of dissipation, with companions at his back to prevent his return. And such this brilliant youth found it.

But we must hasten. That day so longed for by the student at length arrived. The widow, proud of her son's progress and honors, was there to witness his graduation. He had expected her, and had controlled his appetite accordingly. The splendid procession of alumni, undergraduates and spectators crowded the spacious building, the galleries of which shone with a multitude of ladies. The scene is one of the most beautiful in a man's history.

The wrangle of political and religious polemics is left outside that inclosure consecrated to the "least of reason," and woman (mother, sister and friend) lends her additional enchantment. It is a proud day for the candidate for honors! especially if he be "the observed of all observers!"

Already two more speeches been pronounced, and anxious eyes are cast around for the valedictorian. "Where is he?" is the question repeated from lip to lip.

"Have you seen Charles?" asked one of his classmates in a hurried tone. "Where can he be? Zounds! I hope he will keep straight to-day for the honor of the class!"

It was the valedictorian William who proffered the first wine glass to Charles, who was now anxiously inquiring for him.

"I tell you," said his companion, "I am afraid that we shall find him at—'s hotel. I saw him go in there about nine o'clock, and you know his failing."

"Impossible! he can't be such a fool as to get drunk to-day, when so much is depending on him—and his mother here too!"

"Well, it can do no harm to step over and see, and we must be in a hurry, for in an hour and a half he must speak."

The young men hurried over to the hotel, and to their chagrin found their worst fears realized. There was Charles partially intoxicated. He needed a little "wineing" as he thought, to string him up for his part, and his appetite once excited, he had overdone the matter.

"Charles, what do you mean by this foolery? was the first salutation of William. "Your speech, your speech—how are you going to deliver that when you are drunk as a fool?"

"Speech, ah yes, the speech, said Charles with a staggering attempt to cut a pigeon wing on the floor, in which he nearly fell, and then sung out,

"Send round the cup, for oh, there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ill of mortality."

"No more such trash," said his impatient companion, interrupting his drunken song. "Come along and sober yourself, for the day depends on your valedictory."

They then compelled him to use water freely, and then walked him up and down the street, uttering broken snatches of song. William became indignant and almost abused him, but Charles quickly silenced him by a keen allusion to his agency in bringing him to his present situation. But for once anger did a drunken man good in recalling him to the reality of his condition. But it is now almost time for the valedictory, and when the name at length was announced, there was a buzz of expectation throughout the vast assembly, for his reputation as the finest scholar and speaker in college was fully established.

As he ascended the platform, his whole look and gait revealed his condition. His mother closed her eyes as against a horrid vision she could not believe. But it was no dream, and as his situation for the first time burst on her, she shrieked—"He's lost!"

His eye rolled with a sort of vacant stare, as though he were attempting to recall his oration. The suppressed shriek of his mother, and the looks of pity so galling to a proud spirit, seemed to inspire him. For one moment he glanced over the assembly, and all hesitation vanished. Emotion was awakened, and it lent electricity to the burning words he uttered. Like a giant he grasped the feelings of his audience, and bore them away as by a torrent. The triumph was complete, but it sent a thrill of indignation to many a heart, that a man with such a genius should sacrifice his magnificent gifts at the debasing shrine of intemperance.

Charles was sober now, and hurried to the side of his mother. He reproached his own suicidal course, and vowed to be guilty no more. But the mother looked on it all without confidence, and sank with despondency under the belief that a drunken father would soon be followed to the grave by a drunken son.

She was a broken-hearted woman. Had she lived at this day, she might have hoped, but thirty years ago, the entire influence of society swept men into the whirlpool, and there "was none to deliver."

For a time, while Charles was acquiring his education, he abstained, but at length gave way to his fatal appetite occasionally.

As a lawyer he rose, with astonishing rapidity, to the high place of that noble calling. All did homage to his genius, and yet none regretted that much inspiration did that genius receive from potatoes of brandy.

mother lived to see his fame, yet died of grief that her only son should so ruthlessly ruin that fame by a debasing practice. Her death seemed to remove the last restraint, and he hastened on his own death, when he had scarcely attained middle age.

A HINT TO THE UNPICKED.—An old lady, resident of a neighboring place, kept a large family of turkeys—perhaps sixty. She like a great many other people, thought a great deal of her turkeys, and valued them very highly. Opposite her door was a West India Good Store. The man who kept it one day emptied his cask of cherries intending to replace them with new. This old lady being economical, felt it a great pity to have all these cherries wasted, and in order to have them saved, she would drive over her turkeys and let them eat them. In the course of the day the old lady thought she would look after them and see if they were in no mischief. She approached the yard, and lo, in the corner lay her turkeys in one huge pile, dead. Yes, they were "stone dead." What was to be done!

Surely the old matron could not lose the feathers! She must pick them! She called her daughter and picked them, intending to have them buried in the morning. Morning came, and behold, there were the turkeys stalking about the yard featherless enough, (as may be supposed,) crying out, "quit, quit," feeling no doubt mortified that their drunken fit had been the means of losing their coats. Poor things, if they had said "quit," before they began, they would not have been in this fix. We would advise all young men who are in the habit of drinking to leave off before they get picked; and to those who do not, let every young lady say "quit."

From the Chicago Tribune.

A BIT OF ROMANCE.

It is a trite, but at the same time a true remark, that the real incidents of life constantly occurring around us, possess a far more romantic interest than the fanciful ones conceived in the teeming brain of the novelist. Of this the following o'er true tale, told us in brief by the steward of the packet boat Louisiana, on Saturday will furnish some illustration.

Some ten years ago, as our readers will remember, there was what was termed a "rebellion" in Canada, and after the "patriots" were subdued some were summarily executed and a portion were banished for a long term of years, to Australia. Most of these latter were men of families, from which they were torn without mercy, to expiate in a far distant clime by imprisonment and hard labor, the crime of having failed in their attempt to rid their country of the evils of misgovernment. We think they acted very unwise in proceeding to the extremes as they did, but this point we will not stop to consider. With one of these expatriated men our tale has chiefly to do.

For seven or eight years he had borne the hardships of a lonely captivity, hopeless of ever seeing home or friends again, when a general amnesty was proclaimed by the British Government in regard to all, with one or two exceptions, of those who had been concerned in the rebellion. Our hero was now at liberty, and his first thought was to seek his home. But he had no means to pay his passage there, and he accordingly shipped on board a whaling vessel which at the end of two years more landed him on his native shores.

Wife, children, and friends filled his thoughts, and he hastened on to his old residence in Canada. Every thing remained as it had been—friends and neighbors greeted him as he passed along—but how his heart sunk within him to find the homestead deserted, and to learn that his wife had been married two years to another, supposing the husband of her youth to be dead. She and her new found mate had settled somewhere in Illinois.

The poor man felt desolate, he determined to see, and if possible reclaim his wife and children. After weary travel and many inquiries he traces them to Knox county, Illinois, where they were comfortably settled in their new home. There he presented himself a few days since. The wife could not have been more surprised or pained to see an apparition from the grave, for she had long considered him as dead. The new husband, too, was rather disagreeably surprised to see before him a claimant for his wife. What should be done? The first husband anxious to obtain the lady, the second was disinclined to give her up, looking upon his claim as good.

They were reasonable people all around. The original claimant remained in the neighborhood a couple of weeks, during which time the matter was frankly talked over. At last the rivals came to the just and rational conclusion that the lady was the proper person to make a final decision of the question, and to her it was mutually agreed to refer it, giving her time to consider in all its bearings.

What more perplexing position can a woman be placed in than that? Here were two men with almost equal claims upon her affection. One was the father of all the children but one, the home companion of her youth—the other, bound to her heart by near and sacred ties, and by the mutual love they bore, as an infant that had been born to them. She could not for a time decide—what true hearted woman could? A tumult of thoughts and emotions filled her heart alternately away from side to side. Thus the conflict lasted for several days, during which time she was enabled to look clearly into her own heart, and at last she was ready for a decision.

What, could she choose between the man first and second affection to whom she had given the first offering of her heart? The second was a virtue for a time, but it points at last to an ending conspiracy to the never ending of the first; and in a fine man, the heart of a true woman, having in the marriage but one fitting mate, will, after all vicissitudes, turn lovingly to the sunny warmth of a first love.

A disposition of the youngest child must now be made, and it was mutually agreed by the two men, that as it could not be disposed of a mother's case, first came, the first husband should take it with the other children, to be restored to the father at some future time. The re-united family now made preparations to go to a new home; and so great was the interest excited in the neighborhood by this singular affair, that as many as a hundred and fifty persons from the neighborhood were present to witness their departure. On Saturday last, they came up on the packet Louisiana, on their way to Michigan, where they will take up their residence.

We naturally sympathize with the first husband, to whom wife and children are restored, but who does not feel for the bereavement of the second.

From the Detroit Free Press.

The Subterranean Lake.

We some time since gave an account of the singular discovery of an underground lake, on the line of the Central Road, west of Niles about two miles. In crossing a low swale or marsh, it became necessary to make an embankment about twenty feet high to correspond with the grade of the road; and the narrowest part of the marsh was chosen, being about one thousand feet across, on either side of which was high level ground. After the embankment had been carried about forty feet on to this low ground, the earth gradually gave way and sank down into what seemed to be a bottomless pit.

The sudden disappearance of the embankment was accompanied by tremendous convulsions of the ground for some distance around where the casualty occurred, and cracks were caused by the upheaving of the ground, deep and large enough to bury a cart and horse in. From exploration and researches made, it appears that the piece of ground over which the grading was to be made had once been a lake, but was now covered by a soil of roots, muck, etc., to the thickness of from ten to twelve feet. The submerged lake is about two miles long, and is in some parts half a mile wide.

At the place where this railroad track crosses it is the narrowest. At one end of the lake is what appears to have been an island, as there are trees of large growth standing, while on nearly the entire circuit of the lake the ground or surface of ten feet has become so hardened that the best of grass is grown, and the spot has been regularly mowed for several years. We believe, in some parts of it, good potatoes have been grown. The depth of the lake is ascertained to be about eighty feet in the deepest part, and the water as clear and pure as that in the river at this city.

After the sinking of the first grading the work was pushed ahead with increased strength, and for eight months eighty hands were employed continually, day and night, one set retiring as the other came on to the work. As the embankment gradually extended over the part that sank into the sod and crust, again it would become so heavy that another sinking would take place, and in this manner the work has been going on.

The excavation and embankment was, after a while, commenced on both sides of the lake, and last week the contractor says the filling in had met at the bottom, and the prospect was that no more trouble would be found in rapidly completing the work. The above number of workmen have been engaged at this point for fifteen months—eight months of the time, as before mentioned, day and night. It has cost an immense sum to accomplish the original plan adopted of crossing at this point, but like every thing else undertaken by this company goes straight forward.

We lately saw an account of a similar lake on some of the Southern roads, but not as extensive a one as this. The soil on the surface of this lake is of a rich black color, and in some places has been plowed and planted. The grass grows in a good quality, and the pasture during the season of the year very best.

It is certainly strange that the discovery had not been made before, but the oldest inhabitants never thought of the matter, and in all probability it would never have been brought to light had not this road crossed it. The ground was solid, seemingly, as any marsh, and at all events sufficiently so for all practical purposes, except railroad embankments.

CLIPPINGS.

Bishop Potter, of the Episcopal Church of Pennsylvania, has prepared a form of prayer to be used in all the churches of the diocese, while the Asiatic Cholera is threatening us with its ravages.

[We should think that in these Cholera times, that it would require something more than the form of prayer to be effectual.]

We heard recently a good story of an Irishman who had never seen any of the birds of America. "The first feathered fowl," said he, "that ever I see when I kum to Ameriky, was a forkinine, (porcupine.) I treed him under a hay-stack, and shot him with a barn-shovel. The first time I shot him, I missed him; the second time I shot him, I hit him in the same place where I missed him before!"

According to Haller, women bear hunger longer than men; according to Plutarch; they can resist the effects of wine better; according to Unger, they grow older, and are never bald; according to Pliny, they are seldom attacked by lions, (on the contrary they will run after lions,) and according to Gunter, they can talk a few!

Good Reasoners on Virtue and Grace. One of Mr. Oise's stings speaks in the dark corner of Tennessee, (white some green things, registers) a few days since discovered the true reason why Oise should be President, says he, "a man who has six lives, cuts ten ration a day, four salaries at a time, and has an opinion for both sides of every question, must be the greatest man in the world." I believe I could convince old pious Brownlow of it if I could tell the old boss.

MARRIAGE.—The gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted region and returns to earth.

DEATH.—An ill-bred fellow who visits people at all seasons, and insists on their immediately returning the call.

AUTHOR.—A dealer in words, who gets paid in his own coin.

BARGAINS.—A ludicrous transaction in which each party thinks that he has cheated the other.

CRITIC.—A large dog that goes unchained and barks at every thing that he does not comprehend.

IMPOSSIBILITIES.—Dinner at a hotel without mince pies or bread pudding, and breakfast on a steamboat without sausages.

JURY.—Twelve prisoners in a box to try one or more at the bar.

GRAVE.—An ugly hole in the ground, which lovers and poets wish they were in, but take uncommon pains to keep out of it.

LAWYER.—A learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemy and keeps it himself.

POLICEMAN.—A man employed in the corporation to sleep in the open air.

TONGUE.—A little horse which is continually running away.

HONESTY.—An excellent joke.

"My dear," said a printer to his sweetheart, "permit me 2 m—u;" when the termagant immediately made a—u at him, and planted her (—u) between his u, which put his head in pi. This conduct," said the gallant type, looking at her, is without a u."

If you have got no friends, try to get enemies, for of all cruel mortifications, neglect is the worst.

Lord B. Being asked by a lord in waiting, what difference there was between a clock and a woman, instantly replied: "A clock serves to point out the hours, and a woman makes us forget them."

A ROADSIDE CONFAB.—"And so, Squire, you don't take your country paper?"

"No, Major I get the city papers on much better terms, and so I take a couple of them."

"But Squire, these country papers prove of great convenience to us. The more we encourage them, the better their editors can make them."

"Why, I don't know any convenience they are to me."

"The farm you sold last fall was advertised in one of them, and you thereby obtained a customer, did you not?"

"Very true, Major, but I paid three dollars for it."

"And made much more than three dollars by it. Now, if your neighbor had not maintained the press, and kept it ready for your use, you would have been without the means of advertising your property. But I think I saw your daughter's marriage in one of these papers—did that cost you anything?"

"No; but—"

"And your brother's death was published with a long obituary notice."

"Yes, yes, but—"

"And the destruction of your neighbor Briggs' house by fire. You know these things were exaggerated till the authentic accounts of our newspapers set them right."

"All true; but—"

"And when your cousin Splash was out for the Legislature, you were much gratified at his newspaper defence, which cost him nothing."

"Yes, yes, but these things are news for the reader. They cause people to take papers."

"No, no, Squire Grudge, not if all